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the wars with Philip and Antiochus were over, Rome neither adopted the Oriental theory of conquest, nor even, in accordance with her own ancient methods, extended her federation. On the contrary, her associates in the war remained simply *amici* as before, while her defeated enemies were added to the list of "friends." In great and little affairs the lack of anything like a modern imperialist policy is in general manifest throughout the narrative. Pompey, it appears, was the first genuine imperialist, and Cæsar was the first *candid* one. Such are some of the main contentions in a work that both rationalizes and enlivens with intellectual interest the period of which it treats.

MY LOVE AND I. By ALICE BROWN. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1914.

To attempt a destructive analysis of Alice Brown's new story would be both unjust and futile, because the story has a quality of its own that makes it notably worth while. It is true that throughout its earlier chapters the tale, despite its evident earnestness and the perfect appropriateness of its literary dress, seems to partake in some degree of the weakness of conventional romance—the weakness of being written *up* and thought *down*—decorated, that is, to romantic taste, and simplified to romantic standards. We feel, at first, not as if we were going to be vitally interested, but rather as if our interest were being enmeshed and bound up in strands of silk and gold. But that doesn't really matter, because the story turns out to have life of an unusually intense sort.

Martin Redfield was a country boy with a desperate longing for the places where the strange roads go down. After his father's death he stayed on the old farm to care for his mother, and his craving for travel, for human nature, and for books had to go unsatisfied. But when his mother died he went to seek his fortune in the wide world. He endured much, we gather, yet remained singularly boyish. There seems to be no particular reason why he should have gone to Trinidad, but he did, and there he worked in a hotel stable until he was taken charge of by that paragon of English gentlemen, Egerton Sims, who made the boy his private secretary and pupil and friend, and would have made him his heir if he hadn't died prematurely of heart disease. Left friendless again, Martin went to Boston to study and look for literary work, and here he fell in with a semi-bohemian group of literary good-fellows. Most of these merely help, acceptably enough, to fill in the background. They are quaintly decorative—that is all—and when we meet them we do not feel that we are really crossing the boundary between the author's imaginary world and the real world. Perhaps we wouldn't even take much stock in Blake, the poet of the group, if it wasn't for the devoted Mary Owen. But Mary is splendid, and, after all, Blake is a real poet: as to his poetry, he is magnificently alive, and he doesn't merely rant or affect superfine standards. Yes—there is a peculiarly intense life in him; he deserves Mary's mothering because he is a genius. And the other important persons of the story, are—all of them—at the *critical stages*, more really alive than most of us in our rather humdrum, unmoral lives ever are. Martin asked Mary to marry him, because every one else in the group had done so, and also because he was really very fond of her; but of course she wouldn't have him because she was in love

with Blake, who *wasn't* in love with her. A little later Martin went, with the rest, to live in the country for a while, and there he met the girl whom the other fellows worshiped under the fanciful title of "the Ivory May." Mildred Lee was one of those physically perfect creatures whose every romantic implication of face and mien is a downright lie. One would have supposed that she was martyring herself in the service of that mean-spirited old invalid Mary Harpinger, whose paid companion she was. But on the contrary! Martin couldn't be expected to know that Mildred was cold and calculating, and Mildred couldn't be expected to know that he didn't know it. So they were married—and, after all, Mary Harpinger didn't leave Mildred a fortune, not a cent even.

But at this point the story begins to take on an unexpected strength and sweetness. The fictionally commonplace situation is handled with a singular and refreshing simplicity and depth—not "dramatically" or "emotionally," but feelingly, if by feeling may be meant the intensification of the whole nature, and not merely one of the conventional emotions or the habit of giving way to moods. And it is rather wonderful to find the "other woman" in the case altogether different from what dramatic usage usually decrees that the other woman shall be. She isn't merely a foil to Mildred—as warm as Mildred is cold, as generous as Mildred is calculating; she is an individual; and—perhaps this is the secret of her—she powerfully and attractively suggests the sort of woman every woman knows a man ought to fall in love with rather than a man's ideal of the sort of woman it would be comfortable or exciting to fall in love with. It would be an easy criticism to make upon Miss Brown's story that its interpretation of character is highly feminine, but this criticism should be turned into a praise. *My Love and I* is, in fact, pervaded by a sort of fine maternalism, very cleansing to the spiritual eyes; and this is not a rampant thing, but an element as favorable to sympathy and as bracing in its effect as ever is the "virility" of the typical man-made romance. And through it all one gets the reaction of that supermundane pluck which makes life seem well worth living even to those who have given up pretending that it's all very nice.